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T H E

Great Bastard,

PROTECTOR

OF THE

Crucians

LITTLE ONE.

Done out of French.

And for which a PROCLAMATION,
with a Reward of *Five Thousand Lo-*
uis D' Or's, to Discover the Author,
was Published.



L O N D O N, Printed in the Year, 1702.

The Great Bastard, Protector of the Little One, &c.

WE find in *Holy Writ*, that in the *Jewish Law*, it was expressly provided by the Supreme Legislator, *That a Bastard should not enter into the Congregation of the Lord, even to the tenth Generation*: But it seems the unhappy Kingdom of *France* allows the Bastard himself; not only to enter into the Congregation, but to settle himself upon the Throne, and to bear it higher than all the preceeding Kings before him, which had a better Right to do it, as being the Offspring of Kings, and not the Sons of the People, the proper Term the *Roman Laws* gives to Bastards. We have heard of the *Salick Law*, in force in that Kingdom, for a great many Ages, by which the Crown of *France* cannot fall from the Sword to the Distaff; but till the blessed Days of our *August Monarch*, we never had the Happiness to be acquainted with a Law or Custom, by which that was in the Power of a Queen of *France*, to provide us an Heir to the Crown, without the Concurrence of her Husband, and to impose upon us for our King, a Brat of another Man's making. All the Reign of our *Invincible Monarch*, has been a constant Series of Wonders; but amongst them all, this is none of the least, That he who was in the Opinion of all the World, the Son of a private Gentleman, from his Birth till the end of the Prince of *Conde's Wars*, has had the good Fortune to be ever since no less than the Son of *Lewis the Thirteenth*. After this, let no Body call in question the commonly supposed Fable of the Transmutation of *Iphis* from a Woman to a Man, since to be Translated from a Bastard to a Son lawfully begotten, is equally as difficult.

Among a great many other Quarrels I have with the *English Nation*, this is one, That they are a People too nice in believing Miracles; and their Haughtiness is such, as they scorn, forsooth to believe Impossibilities; for albeit, they, and all the rest of the World about them, are firmly perswaded, that the little Bauble Prince of *Wales* was never of *Queen Mary's* bearing, much less of *King James's* begetting; yet if these Infidels had been as well mannerly credulous as we in *France* have been, of the wonderful Transmutation of our *Louis le Grand*, they needed not have made all this Noise about the little Impostor-Infant, but might have comforted themselves in the hopes, that he, who was a Spurious Prince of *Wales* to Day, might some Years hence, by a new *French* way of Transubstantiation, become a lawfully begotten King of *England*. But the mischief of all is, these stiff-necked Hereticks, ever since they fell off from the Communion of the Holy Church, make bold to call in question all our Miracles, and such a one as this would be, I am afraid they would stick at, amongst others.

Good God! how happy had it been for *France*, yea, for a great part of the World, that the *French* had been as great Infidels, upon the point of Miracles, as the Heretick *English*! and that our *Louis the Fourteenth* had been hurl'd out of *France* when but *Dauphin* of *Viennois*, as the little mock Prince of *Wales* has been out of *England*, when scarce out of his Swaddling Cloths! What dismal Tragidies has our *French* Impostor caus'd in *Christendom*? how many Cities laid in Ashes, Countries ruin'd, Families extinguish'd, and million of Lives sacrific'd to the Vanity and Ambition of a Bastard?

The *Hugonots* of *France*, of all People in the World, have most reason to be ashamed of their Conduct, with Relation to this ungrateful Monster, in the time of his Minority, and of the Prince of *Conde's Wars*: And these People, who disown a thousand things in the Catholick Religion, merely upon the account of their being, in their Opinion, Irreconcilable

Table to Reason, did strangely contradict, not only *common Fame*, but even *Reason it self*, in being brought to think, that it was possible that *Lewis the Fourteenth* should be the true Son of *Lewis the Thirteenth*, after near half a *Jubilee* of Years past in Marriage betwixt him and *Ann of Austria*, his Queen, without the least hope of Issue, with all the concurring Signs of a natural Impotency upon his side. But these Gentlemen have paid dear enough for their Opinions, and have had sufficient time and occasion to read their past Folly, in their present Affliction, and to call to mind, with Regret, their unaccountable Madness in assisting him to re-ascend the Throne of *France*; whom almost the whole Nation, the Princes of the Blood, and the Parliament of *Paris*, had combin'd together, to tumble down, and had certainly done it, if the *Hugonots* had not turn'd the Scale. These poor *Hugonots* have had so many sad Occasions since to repent their Fault, that I confess it's scarce generous to upbraid the Miserable with the Follies they cannot now amend, and which has brought upon them so many Misfortunes. And yet I must beg leave to tell them, That as their Zeal to *Lewis the Fourteenth's* unjust Interest, was the original Cause, in my Opinion, of Heaven's thus afflicting them by his Hands; so it was indeed the true Motive that induc'd this Ungodly to ruin them. For thus it was, that he and his Jesuitick Cabal reason'd among themselves; If the *Hugonots* in the late Prince of *Conde's* Wars, when the Crown was at Stake, were able to turn the Ballance, and to draw Victory and Success to the side they espoused, which at that time was ours: By the same Parity of Reason, if the same *Hugonots* shall at any time hereafter be induc'd to join against us, and to take our Enemies part, they will without all doubt, turn the Scale on the other side, and prove as dangerous Enemies as formerly they were Friends; and thence by a Diabolical way of Reasoning, it was concluded that it was the true Interest of the Crown, that the *Hugonots* should be utterly destroyed.

By the way, I must, tho' contrary to my Inclination, do a piece of Justice to *Lewis the Fourteenth*, in vindicating him from a common Aspersions cast upon him by the *Hugonots*, and it's this: Over and above the foulest Ingratitude imaginable, (in which Charge I heartily agree with them) he is chargeable with as to them, they will needs load him to the boot, with no less than *Perjury and Breach of Faith*, in not observing the famous Edict of *Nantz*, which was granted to them by King *Henry the 4th*, and declared by him to be in all time coming, an irrevocable and fundamental Constitution of the State; which Edict, say they, *Lewis the 14th* swore at his Coronation inviolable to observe. I confess this is a heavy Charge; but to speak no worse of the Devil than he deserves, in my Opinion our *Lewis le Grand* is not chargeable upon that Score, as not being bound to the Observance of that Edict, even tho' having sworn it: If we shall consider, that by the Express words of the Edict it self, King *Henry* obliges himself and his lawful Successors only, that is, those who shall succeed to the Crown of *France* in a lawful Descent of Royal Blood. Now, I think no man will say, That by this Clause of the Edict, and extraneous Person, such as our Interloper *Lewis the Fourteenth* is, can be included; and therefore, as having none of the Royal Blood of *France* in his Veins, he cannot be justly charg'd with Perjury or Breach of Faith, in not observing one Edict, which was declared, and meant to oblige only the lawful Successor of King *Henry the Fourth*.

Here I cannot but relate a Discourse I had once with one of the Fathers of the *Capucian Order*; the very day after the Revocation of the Edict of *Nantz*, and which may serve to answer one Objection naturally arising from what I have said upon this Head. All *Paris* was filled with the Noise of this Affair, and in every corner, both *Papist* and *Protestant* was reasoning upon it; among the rest the good *Capucian*, and I would needs turn both *Statesmen* and *Casuits* on the Subject. We lost betwixt us all the Arguments we could fall upon, to vindicate, if possible, the King's so apparently unjust Action; And in the end we came to reason how far the Edict of *Nantz*, upon the Account of his not being indeed the lawful Successor of *Henry the 4th*, the Granter of it. But, said I, Father, tho' I should agree, that the King is not obliged by that Edict at first, for the Reason we have named yet his Posterior Swearing to observe it, makes him as liable to the Observance

If it, as if he were really the true Successor of Henry the 4th, and of the Royal Blood of France. To this the Capucin return'd me a very satisfactory Answer. Sir, says he, it seems you are but little acquainted with the *Casuistical Doctrin* and *Principles* of the *Jesuits*, and have not the Happiness to be acquainted with Father le Chese, the King's Confessor, so well as I; and therefore I'll tell you one Evasion, a Wit; like him, will soon find out to remove all needless Scruples from the King's mind, arising from his Swearing the Edict of Nantz, and it's this: The words of the Oath, which the King did take at his Coronation, was these; and seeing this Edict was declar'd by King Henry the 4th, our Grand father of glorious Memory, to be irrevocable, and that the lawful Successors, the succeeding Kings of France, should swear the same at their Coronation, therefore we do hereby promise and swear faithfully and inviolably to observe the said Edict all the days of our Life time. Now, these being the very words of the King's Oath, (continues the Capucin) how proper and easy was it for the Reverend Father le Chese to tell him, Sir, you are not at all oblig'd by this Oath, because it leans upon, and contains in its very Bosom a Supposition, upon the removal of which, the whole Oath it self does necessarily fall, viz. Your Majesty's being the Grand-Child of Henry the 4th, which neither you your self, nor no Body else does believe: So that if your Majesty has sworn an Oath, wherein there is an express Supposition, that you are the Grand-child of Henry the 4th, which you are not, the Oath is self, as leaning on that false Supposition, must necessarily fall with it, and becomes in it self void. I hope you are wiser (concludes the Capucin to me) but to think that Father le Chese might use all his Freedom with his ignorant bigotted Pupil, enslav'd to his Direction, especially that he is acquainted with all the Villanies of his Life, and in particular with his continual Privacies with the Dauphiness. Thus far the Capucin's Discourse and mine, and I must say, upon Reflection, I cannot divine an Evasion, which Father le Chese could have fallen upon more plausible, to perswade his enslav'd Pupil to revoke the Edict of Nantz, than this the Capucin hinted at.

But I know the Reader will tell me, what means all this pother upon a meer Supposition, that *Louis le Grand* is a Bastard, without making it appear, or proving that he is so? I acknowledge, that of all the Tasks one ever ventur'd upon, that of proving a Man to be a Bastard is the hardest; for when a Woman designs to bring another than her Husband to her Bed, she uses not to order such and such Persons to stand by, that they may bear Testimony of her Crime: And tho' some Women may come the length of Inadvertence or Impudence, in being too open in their Amours, yet when they have to do with a Gallant that concern'd in Honour, and oblig'd by his Character to be more reserv'd in his Pleasures, it's not to be imagin'd but she will be taught to play her part, if not Chastly, yet Cautiously. All the World knows that the Cardinals of Richelieu and Mazarin were capable of keeping their own Secrets; and yet it's to be regrated, that their Amours with our Invincible Monarch's Mother were hard enough to be concealed, so many are the Spies about the Courts of Princes.

That *Ann of Austria* found a way to provide an Heir to *Louis* the 13th, without putting him to the Pains of getting it himself, will appear clearly enough, if we take a view of all the Circumstances that meet in this Affair, which all taken together, leaves us no room to doubt of that Queens Concern, for perpetuating her Husband's Memory at any Cost.

Common Fame was ever lookt upon as a great Presumption of the Truth of a thing, especially if joined to other concurring Circumstances: And never did that prating Goddess extend her Voice louder, than in proclaiming to the World the Spurious Birth of our August Monarch. Time was when she did not whisper it in Corners, but express'd it in publick Pictures, Plays, Farces, and what not? Modesty will not allow me to mention the bawdy Shapes of those two sorts of Bread, call'd to this day, the Queen's Bread, and the Cardinal's Bread, sold thro' Paris, and in most places of France; so that at that time one could scarce sit down to eat, but he was put in mind of the Queen and the Cardinal's Amours. It were in vain to enumerate the thousand part of the Sairs and Pasquils on this Subject, for a great many Years; each Pen out-vying one another, in the Glory of propagating to Posterity the Love passions of those two mighty Cardinal Ministers of State; let this one upon Cardinal Richelieu affix on his Palace, serve for all.

What

What means th' ungrate French to Gate

The only true Support of State ?

What greater favour could there be

Shown to the King, Queen, State, all three,

Then to provide, by his unwearied Care,

The King a Son, the Queen a Husband, and the State an Heir ?

Impotency is one of those Imperfections a man is most unwilling to take with, being that which un mans him, and renders him the Scorn of *his own*, and the Abhorrence of *the other Sex*: It can only be proved by *Presumptions*; and these are for the most part reducible, either to *his Indifference for the fair Sex in general*, or for *his own Wife in particular*; *the weakness of his Constitution*, or *his co habiting with a Woman of a sound Body and proportion'd Age for a considerable time, without having any Issue by her*. All these *Presumptions*, and some more than perhaps *Decency* will allow me to name, will be found in *Louis the 13th*, the supposed Father of our *August Monarch*.

I think there can be no greater Proof of a Man's *Indifferency for the fair Sex* in general, or his own Wife in particular, than when a Man, in the heat of his Youth, has a Right, by Marriage, to the Bed of a beautiful and young Princess, has her constantly in his View, and in his Power, and yet at the same time can for some Years together, abstain from those Embraces, which Marriage has not only made *lawful*, but a *Duty*: And this unwonted Coldness in Youth is the more to be jealous'd that, previous to the Marriage, the Man did express an *eager Impatience* to enjoy his *young Bride*; for the subsequent Coldness and Abstinence does clearly intimate a Consciousness of his being mistaken of himself, and that upon Tryal he has found his Power not answerable to his Will.

Of all this, we have a pretty clear Instance in *Louis the Thirteenth*: Upon his being Married by Proxy to *Ann of Austria*, *Infanta* of Spain, afterwards *Mother* to our *Invincible Monarch*, he express'd the greatest Eagerness to enjoy her, and having gone the length of *Bardaux* to meet her, his Desire vented themselves in the following *Letter*, sent her some few days before her Arrival.

Madam,

Since I cannot, according to my longing Desire, find myself near you at your Entry into my Kingdom, to put you in Possession of the Power I have, and of that entire Affection I have in my Breast to love and serve you; I send you Luyenes, one of the most trustiest of my Servants, to salute you in my Name, and to tell you, that you are expected by me with the greatest Impatience, to offer unto you My Self: I pray therefore receive him favourably, and believe what he shall tell you, Madam, from your most dear Friend and Servant,

LOWIS.

The Strain of this *Letter* seems to be warm enough, and the word Offer of himself, is pretty expressive, as coming from a young Bridegroom to a young and beautiful Bride. Now, who would have dream'd but this *Skirmishing* by Letters should have produc'd a fix'd Battle at meeting? But, alas! our Youngster having Bedded his Queen but for the space of two hours, rises up from his Nuptial-Bed, too late conscious to himself of his Unfitness for *the Sports of Venus*: And albeit he was in his Queen's Company every day for four Years thereafter, his false Desires never led him once again, during all that time, to try a *second Rencontre*: Yea, it was expected by every Body he should never have ventur'd to Bed the Queen again, if his Favourite Luyenes had not trickt him into it, the very Night of his Sister's Marriage with the Prince of Piedmont; for Luyenes finding the King in a good jolly Humour, and talking more wantonly than ordinary, he grasps him out of Bed in his Arms, and throwing a Night-Gown about him, brings him unexpectedly into the Queen's Bed. It was indeed pretended, that the Reason of this four Years Abstinence, was for fear the Marriage Bed might hinder the King's Growth, and enervate his Strength; And yet it's hard to believe, that such a *politic Consideration* could prevail with a Man that had any *boiling Blood* in his Veins; but every Body will be apt, at the first dash, to draw this Consequence from it, that there was more in it of a *Winter-Chilness* than usually suits with Youth.

There is another great presumption of ones *Impotency*, when a Man evinces himself to be Indifferent, not only for his own Wife, but *the whole fair Sex* in general. *Louis* the 13th gave ample proofs of *this sort of Vertue*, if it be one, having been never seen to cast one single warm glance at any of the Beauties of the Court, and never heard to utter one Expression that could be interpreted Amorous.

Of this indifference of his for the fair Sex, there is one pretty instance in an Expression he had to *Monsieur* his Brother, upon the occasion of his Marrying the *Duke of Lorrain's Daughter*, against the King's Will, *Monsieur* having told him, by way of excuse, that he chus'd rather to Marry at any rate, than to live in Whoredom, and one of the two he said his Constitution oblig'd him to. *Brother* replies the King, *You and I it seems are of different tempers, for I could live all my Life without either of them*. Here was a modest, tho' untimous confession of his Indifference, if not *Impotence*, and indeed *Monsieur* was not wanting to improve it in his *Circular Letters*, he wrote to his *Partisans*, a few Months after, upon his retiring to *Brussels*.

There is another *Story* much of the same nature, that passed between the King and his Favourite *Luyenes*, about the Divorce from the Queen, when it was first talkt of: *Luyenes* told him, That the only way to stop the Queens Mouth in the matter of the Divorce, was for the King to give an Evidence, that her Barrenness was not from his fault, by trying to get Children by some other Woman; and hereupon he mentioned one of the Handsomest Ladies about Court, as a fit Mistress for him. The King answered coldly, *Mais je vous assure Luyenes, je ne songe pas a telles choses: But I assure you*, says he, *Luyenes, I do not think upon these things*: And so the Discourse was dropt.

I shall only name one other Instance more of the King's Indifference for the fair Sex, because it was so publick, and had so much of Raillery in it: The King being one day playing at Cards with *Mademoiselle Ramboulet*, it happen'd that the King alludg'd upon her, he had dropt a Card on design, saying, he would have it, be where in will, the Lady finding she was discover'd, slipt the Card into her Breast, saying, *Sir, I am assured you will not take it out here*: Which was true, for the King gave over any further search, when he see the Card was in her Bosom.

A great many attributed this indifference of the King's for his own Lady, and all other Women, to the weakness of his Constitution, and indeed he was of the tenderest and sickliest imaginable, being from his Birth weak in his Limbs, and *Astmatick* to his dying day. The *Duke of Espernon* rallying one day with the King's Physician, told him, he was afraid the King might over heat himself in the Embraces of a Young and Beautiful Queen. The Physician nodding his Head, answer'd him, *It must be a great Heat that will thaw his Majesty's Ice*.

But tho' *Louis* the 13th had been a just Admirer of his own Queen, and of the fair Sex in general, and had neither been branded with *Impotency*, nor known to be of a weakly Constitution; what a wonderful thing was it, that what a Man could not do in the heat of his Youth, he should in the beginning of the Autumn of his Age, and that there should be 23 Years betwixt their Marriage and the Birth of the first Child? I remember the Poets tell us, that Jupiter when he was to beget *Hercules*, was necessitated to make a Night three times longer than the ordinary, so difficult was it even for the Father of the Gods to beget an Hero, but our Invincible Hero, *Louis le Grand*, required a longer time to be gotten than *Hercules*, and 23 Years was little enough time to produce our August Monarch. What a shame was it for Cardinal *Richelew* to throw away so much pains to no purpose? and how ealie had it been to have made the King a Father, and the Queen a Mother, in the twentieth part of that time, if he had but understood the new English way of getting and bearing of Children? But it seems the Art of imposing Infant Princes was not then brought to that perfection it has been of late, and *Anna of Austria* was not so good a Proficient in the Trade, as *Mary of Modena*. What needed the former have made herself the talk of all France, for her Intrigues with her two Cardinals? It had been the easiest thing in the World to make her a Mother without the trouble of one single throw: A close Balister about the Bed, and a convenient Passage at the head of it, with a wary Midwife, and one or two more trusty Confidants, might have done just as well.

But the Curſe of all was, our *Louis* the 13th was neither to be impos'd upon in ſuch an Affair, nor could be brought into the *Deſign* himſelf; his Malice to his Brother, the next Heir, tho' at War with him, came not up to that length as to cheat him of the Throne: And tho' *Louis* the 13th had been capable of ſo great *Weakneſs*, or rather *Madneſs*, his Brother *Monſieur* was too much concern'd to let the Queen Impoſe upon him, one to exclude him from the Crown: During the Queens bigneſs, *Monſieur* had his conſtant Spies about her, to watch her motions, and tell him every thing that paſt: Upon the News of the Queens being in Labour, *Monſieur* was not out of the way, but in her *Bed-Chamber*, and his Sedulity and Watchfulneſs was ſcarce allowable in Modeſty, the leaſt Circumſtance about the *Mother* and *Child* did not eſcape his prying *Curioſity*, and the *Field of Nature it ſelf* was laid open to his view; ſuch is the Miſfortune of Princeſſes, when bearing Children, in prejudice of other Men's Rights. *Monſieur* retiring himſelf to his Chamber, in a Melancholy Mood, (as he had good reaſon) was aſked by *Eſpernon* what he had ſeen: *Alas!* ſays he, *I am ſure I ſaw it come out, but who the Devil put it in, I know not.*

Queen *Mary of Modena* took a ſhorter cut, and a more modeſt Method of Lying in; ſhe would neither allow the *Princeſſes* concerned to ſearch into her *Bigneſs*, nor permit any in their Name to be preſent at her Labour; the poor *Princeſſes of Denmark* was hurried away to the Bath, upon the pretence of her Health, and the *Queen Dowager* was not brought in till the *Game was over*; and who can blame a *Modiſt Italian* to be more reſerved in the *Secrets of Nature* than a *Blunt Spaniard*? How happy was it for the firſt, that inſtead of two *Princeſſes* at a diſtance, ſhe did not meet with a *Bluſtering Duke of Orleans*, to peep more narrowly into the Scheme of her Contrivances, and render her and her Plot ridiculous.

But to return to the Happy Birth of our *Louis le Grand*, it ſeems all the Endeavours of *Cardinal Richelieu*, to provide an Heir for *France*, were unſucceſſful, whether his *Brain* and his other *Parts* were not of a Piece; or his preſſing Cares of State, join'd to ſome natural Impediment; were the Cauſe of it, I cannot tell; but it was reſerved for a Perſon of a meaner Condition, tho' of a more robuſt Conſtitution, to effectuate, what this *Conſummate Church-Man* had attempted in vain, *Monſieur le Grand*, a Gentleman of a comely Perſon, and ſprightly Spirit, and a courtly Genius was lookt upon as the fitteſt Perſon to make up the defects of an *Impotent King* and a *Wearied Favorite Cardinal*. This *Carpet Knight* was admitted into the Embraces of the Queen, and by her teeming Belly, ſhe found, within a few Months, that ſhe had hit upon a fit *Stallion* to propagate the Royal Family of *France*.

It's generally thought this Gentleman was not ſo much the Queens own choice, as that of *Richelieu*, and that this *Refined Miniſter* perſwaded the Queen to entertain *Monſieur le Grand* for her Gallant, out of a meer Principle of State, as being more likely to make the Queen a Mother, than he himſelf was; and this is the rather believed, that it is generally known, that immediately after the Queen was found to be with Child, M. le Grand was diſmiſt the Court, upon the Honourable pretence of being made *Lieutenant Crimenal of Provence*, the witty *Cardinal* fearing his intimacy with the Queen might prejudice him in her Favour: and indeed after this *Jobb* was done, the *Cardinal* had no more uſe for him, as the ſequel made it too evident.

Pliny tells us a Story of the *Wolf*, that he never ſees his *Sire*, becauſe ſays he, he is Murdered by the reſt of the Wolves, out of envy, that he was preferr'd by the ſhe-wolf before them. The ſame Fate had the Father of this *Rapacious Creature*, *Louis* the 14th. for being noos'd into Conſpiracy of *Monſieur Monmorancy*, he was beheaded at *Tkolouſe*, by the *Cardinal's* expreſs Command, who was a willing the Qui ſhould have an abler Gallant than himſelf for the future.

I cannot but regret the Fate of this poor Gentleman, in being firſt brought to the Bed of a Queen, and thereafter in having his Head chopt off, merely that he might not tell *Tales*, or give any *Jeaſouſy* to his *Rival* in the Queens Favour; yet I judge him Happy in this, that he did not Live to ſee the *Monſieur* he had begotten.

There happen'd a memorable Paſſage at his Death, which was this. Being all along after his Condemnation, laid aſleep, with an aſſurance of a Pardon, even upon the Scaffold, to the end he might not diſcover any of his *Criminal Secretes* with the Queen, at laſt, being deſir'd to lay down his Head for the blow, he came to underſtand, too late, that he was cheated out of his Life, and juſt when he was beginning to expreſs himſelf in theſe Words: *O! la Vanit d'ſire aime d'une ſame cruelle, &c.* *O! the Vanity of being Lov'd by a Woman cruel*

cruel, and devoted to the Villanous Counsels of a Church Man. Here the fatal Ax did put an end to the Sentence, and to his Life together.

This end had *Monsieur le Grand*, Father of our *August Monarch*: and it's but just his Son should bear the Name of *Le Grand*, not as an Epithet, but as the *Surname* of his Father, *le Grand*, by way of Epithet, being never his due; and thus was *Cardinal Richelieu* revenged upon him, for being a fitter and abler *Gallant* to the Queen than himself, tho' at first he was not only the *Privado*, but the first *Incourager* of their *Amours*.

If *Likeness* be a Sign of a near Relation, never was there two *Less* like to one another, than these of our *Invincible Monarch*, and *M. le Grand*: and I must acknowledge the *Wisdom* of the Queen, in causing *M. le Visne* her Painter, to call in all the Pictures of *M. le Grand*, that he could possibly get into his Hands, when she found her Son betray'd his true Father by his *Physiognomy*; for those who have seen both the *Originals*, will say, there was need of all this caution.

Thus the *Cardinal Richelieu* had the Honour of being a *Gallant* to a Queen, and upon trial of his own want of a *prolific quality*, had the goodness to provide another better qualified than himself: Notwithstanding of this Obligation the Nation has to him, I cannot forgive his *Insolence*, in ordering these Words to be Engraven in *Capital Letters* upon the *Pedestal* of *Lewis* the Thirteenth's Statue, in the *Palace Royal*, *Cardinalis Richelieu Co-adjutor suus in omnibus suis Negotiis*, *The Cardinal Richelieu his Helper in all his Affairs*: As if it had not been enough to have Cuckold'd his Master, without erecting him a Statue, merely to tell the World that he did so.

As *Similitude in Faces* is often a Sign of a Relation in Blood, so the *Likeness of Condition* is as often an *Incentive* to Love, and the *Motive* to Friendship: Let no Body therefore blame *Lewis* the Great, for Patronizing the *little Prince of Wales*; it's but reasonable the *Great Bastard* should protect the *Little One*, and endeavour to set upon the *English Throne* just such a Creature as is already upon the *French one*.

It's just with our *Great Bastard*, as with the *Fox* in the Fable, who had the misfortune to lose his Tail, he would needs persuade his Neighbours to cut off theirs, that thereby he might hide his own Infirmary. It's certain *Lewis* the Fourteenth would be content that all the Scepters of *Christendom* were only sway'd by *Bastards*, that his own *Spuriousness* might be the less taken notice of. And if it be true, that some *Lawyers* affirm of the old *Law of Normandy*, that by it *Bastards* did exclude the *Lawfully Begotten*, no Body has reason to exclaim against *Lewis* le Grand his Succession to the Crown of *France*, since he is a *Norman* by Birth, as Born at *St. Germain en Laye*, the hithermost Town of that Province.

Metinks I hear the *little Prince of Wales*, or rather his true Parents, exclaiming against me heavily, for calling him so often a *Bastard*, and thus pleading against the Injustice of my Pen: *What Devil must inspire a Man to call one a Bastard that is really begotten in lawful Wedlock! and tho' he had the good Fortune to be brought into Queen Mary's Bed by a skilful Midwife, to be there own'd for her own Son, yet all this makes him not a Bastard: And pray who would have refus'd to lend their Son to be the Heir of three Crowns? I confess there is reason in all this; and I am very inclinable to excuse both the little Impostor and his Parents, since few would have refus'd such an Offer; and I oblige my self, That if ever I happen to be in England when the Gentleman comes to be King, I shall beg his Pardon, for giving him a Name he deserves not.*

But since his most Christian Majesty has Adopted him his Brother, by giving him the bare Title of the King of *England*, without one Inch of Possession, I suppose I may be still excus'd, if I Prognosticate, without the skill of Magick, or knowledge of the Stars, that his Welsh Highness is at his highest pitch of Grandeur; For tho' Miracles are not yet quite extinguish'd in Popish Countries, (if we may believe some Catholic Zealots) yet these Nations of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, having been so often impos'd upon by so many ridiculous Fables, too fustian to be inserted in this place, that blessed be God, they are grown more wiser than to be trick'd out of their Reason any more, by *Romish Whims* and *Gimcracks*, which hitherto have had too great Influence in the Courts of most Princes in *Christendom*.

*Why should not Lewis raise his Bastard Brother?
Kind Nature makes one Bastard Love another;
Tho' little James, is King in France by Name,
And Lewis tells him of his future Fame:
Yet English Subjects are of this Opinion,
He scarce will ever find out his Dominion.*

FINIS.

